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THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS



THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS

And Other Verse

By
WILLIAM HERSCHELL

AUTHOR OF
Songs of the Streets and Byways

Illustrated with Photographs by Paul Shideler

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To
DELAVAN SMITH

FRIEND IN ALL THINGS

This Book of Verse is Affectionately
Dedicated

*In gratitude the author thanks The Indianapolis News
for permission to include in this volume verses that from
time to time have appeared in its columns.*

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THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS

THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS

THE Kid has gone to the Colors
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the Flag to-day.
We thought him a child, a baby
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-size
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by the fife and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And thought that it whispered: "Come!"
The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot-joy
To add his name to the roster
And God, we're proud of the boy!

THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS

The Kid has gone to the Colors
It seems but a little while
Since he drilled a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.
But now he's a man, a soldier,
And we lend him listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered,
His mother—God bless her!—cried;
Yet, blest with a mother-nature,
She wept with a mother-pride.
But he whose old shoulders straightened
Was Granddad—for memory ran
To years when he, too, a youngster,
Was changed by the Flag to a man!

THE PORT OF SUNSET BAY

[To the dwellers in Sunset Bay—The Home for Aged Women.]

I CAME to-day to a quiet port—
 To the Port of Sunset Bay—
Where tides run calm and the evening mists
 Are tinted a silver gray;
Where all the ships are memory ships
 That bear only dreams and smiles
To the dear old dears whose compass steers
 To Youth's far distant isles.
For smiles and dreams and dreams and smiles
 Are treasures to them, you see,
That give glad glow to the long ago
 And hallow the used-to-be.

And where is this Sunset Bay, you ask?
 It's back from a city street
Where dear old dears in their gray-haired years
 Have found a calm retreat.

THE PORT OF SUNSET BAY

A place where Yesterdays reign supreme,
And To-day—ah, well, To-day
Is only a strand of Time-washed sand
On which their fancies play.
They frolic with old companions gone,
With minstrels who come to sing
The songs they sang when the whole world rang
With life and love and—Spring!

In rocking-chair ships they sail away
And needles and thimbles fly
In speeding the flight of visions bright
To the glad-sad days gone by.
And oh how the glad outshines the sad—
The laughter outlaughs the sighs,
Till the window gleams with sunset beams
That jewel their tear-damp eyes.
Then sleep as sweet as a baby's sleep
Comes out of the sunset's gold
And proves that here each dear old dear
Is only a child grown old.



THE BABYTOWN EXPRESS

THERE are trains that roar and rumble at
the call of human stress,
But the fastest and the gladdest is the Babytown
Express.

It runs from Dawn to Twilight and you couldn't
count the miles
For the track is made of Fancy and the ties are
laid in Smiles.

The good old backwoods pasture gate is train
and engine, too,
With Bud, on top, as engineer, to make the choo-
choo-choo!

Big Sis, the sweet conductor, takes the tickets on
the way,
Collecting hugs and kisses from the ones who
have to pay.



THE BABYTOWN EXPRESS

And sometimes, in a merry mood, she stops the
train and then

Goes 'round among the passengers and takes the
fares again.

It's funny how the tourists, too, are willing that
she should,

Because it takes a lot of fares to make the service
good.

The Babytown Express makes stops to gratify
each wish;

It waits at Cookie Station and at Noodles-in-the-
Dish.

The noon stop's Milk-and-Crackers and again at
half past four

It halts at Bread-and-Jelly, nearest point to
Kitchendoor.

The day's last stop is Twilight, where the evening
shadows fall—

Then they tumble in the sleeper—train crew, pas-
sengers and all!

THE KEEPER OF LOCKERBIE GATE

[When James Whitcomb Riley and a group of his little friends posed for the "movies," an interesting factor in the event was a small Italian boy who volunteered as gate-opener for those who entered Mr. Riley's yard.]

HE was just a wee wandering alien,
With all of his cares in retreat,
That paused at the gate of The Poet,
Fame's dweller in Lockerbie Street.
The urchin sought place of seclusion
Behind the iron barrier strong,
Then waited, unknowing, to witness
Art's tribute to Childhood and Song.

He saw children—Sunday-clothed children—
With faces expectantly bright
Troop in through the gate he held open,
And oh how it gladdened his sight!
No shadow of envy oppressed him,
Instead he felt measures of joy
Creep into his heart as The Poet
Gave greeting to each girl and boy.

THE KEEPER OF LOCKERBIE GATE

Though he had not heard of Doc Sifers
Or worshiped a 'Lizabeth Ann,
The boy at the gate knew The Poet
Had once loved a Raggedy Man.
For, though the child's raiment was humble
And not up to juvenile style,
The man paused to gladden the urchin
By paying his toll with a smile.

The "movie" man, too, caught the spirit
Of Italy's friend-winning son
And felt that, while not of the picture,
He'd happily shared in the fun.
His presence had brightened the faces
Of all who passed in at the gate,
And "movies" without a glad climax
Soon meet an inglorious fate.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

CHILDREN, tread softly in Lockerbie street,
Some one you loved now lies slumbering
there ;

Some one who loved you in comradeship sweet
Rests at the foot of Eternity's Stair.

Voices kept calling him out of The Past,
Voices all fondly familiar to him ;
Then came the one—he must answer at last—
Dear Old Aunt Mary was calling her Jim !

MOTHER IS DOING HER BIT

MOTHER can't join the army and Mother
can't go to sea,

But Mother can do her bit, you bet—whatever
her bit may be.

She's up in the morning early, she's late to her
bed at night,

Yet she sings a song the whole day long that
shows her full of fight.

It's "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean" that echoes
through kitchen and hall

A melody sweet, yet as sturdy as though 'twere a
bugle call.

We hear it first in the morning, when Mother, at
dawn of day,

Rouses her sleeping household singing her re-
veille.

MOTHER IS DOING HER BIT

Then off she goes to the garden, a soldier that
rakes and hoes,

And "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean" is sung to
each seed she sows.

The song and the toil and Mother seem bound by
a common tie—

A pledge that they'll keep Old Glory forever wav-
ing high!

She starts the children off to school, a flag upon
each breast,

A symbol sweet, she tells them, of the land they
love the best.

Then Mother gets her housework done and hur-
ries off to town,

There to do a woman's part in Red Cross cap and
gown.

And all along the table where the bandage makers
sit

They hear her hum "Columbia" and see her do
her bit.



MOTHER IS DOING HER BIT

Mother can't join the army and Mother can't go
to sea,

But Mother will do her bit, you bet—whatever
her bit may be.

She doesn't go 'round complaining because she
isn't a man,

Instead she sows and sings and hoes and does the
best she can.

For Columbia, too, was a woman, as pictured in
story and art,

And Mother's our Mother Columbia—a patriot
doing her part!

THE OLD ALLEY MULE

C O'SE yo's only a mule—a' ole alley mule—
Ma own creepy, sleepy, hahd-haided ole
Jule;

But, honey, Ah 'spec' dat if humans des knew
Dey'd fin' yo' a tex' fo' a sermon er two.

Ah's humble—yo's humble—an' so, doan' yo' see,
De Lawd sent yo' down heah to laboh wif me.
We kain't all hab jobs dat am hightone an'
sweet—

Dey's got to be alleys de same as de street.

Yo' doan' go 'roun' 'tendin' yo' is whut yo' ain't,
Yo' w'ah no sheep's clothin' ner sin-hidin' paint.
Nobody's done ketch yo' a-cuttin' a splash
When back in de alley dey's littah an' trash.

THE OLD ALLEY MULE

Dey's many a thoroughbred prancin' de street
Dat's done sprung a limp frum de bruise on his
feet.

He make a p'tense dat he's all full of pep,
But, oh, how he groan when de boss say "Git ep!"

It may all look swell, but dey's nevah a doubt
Dat Trufe am a glory dat's gwine to leak out.
De folks dat plays rich when dey's po' as de
groun'

Ain't gwine very fuh when ole Trufe come
aroun'.

So heah am de fac's, mule, as plain as kin be,
Yo' ain't foolin' God when yo's wohkin' wif me.
Dis job dat we hab may be humble an' mean,
But when we gits thoo dey's a' ugly place clean.

Anothah thing, too, dat Ah laks am de fac'
Yo' nevah complains an' yo' nevah talks back.
Yo's des simple mule—not no bigbug ner saint—
Yo' is whut yo' is—an' don't 'tend dat yo' ain't.



SIX LITTLE FELLERS

SIX little fellers there,
Sittin' 'long th' crick;
Six little fishlines out,
Danglin' from a stick.
Six little fishworms, too,
Sweepin' with a swish
Down through th' water-world
Lookin' fer a fish.

Six little hearts there are,
Brimmin' full o' joys
Heaven has th' habit of
Crowdin' into boys.
No thoughts of work or woe,
No great war to fight—
Nothin' else to do except
Pray th' fish 'll bite.

SIX LITTLE FELLERS

Somehow, it seems to me
 Young'uns allus know
Just where th' places is
 I delight to go.
Well, no, I hadn't thought
 How it might be me
Allus sneakin' 'round to where
 Boys would likely be!

THE OTHER SIDE OF JUNE

THE JUNE of Junes has come, my wife, and
down its fragrant way

There drifts the last faint perfume of our daughter's wedding day.

The bridal bower is now a stage with all the
players flown,

And we, the memory-audience, are left to dream
alone.

The vows, the smiles, the Lohengrin—it ended all
too soon

And left us, two old exiles, on The Other Side of
June.

We've watched her proudly, you and I, come
marching down the years;

Each new Prince Charming we have met with
mingled hopes and fears.



THE OTHER SIDE OF JUNE

We knew this day some day must come, when on
Love's hallowed shrine

We'd lay our hearts' full sacrifice—this girl of
yours and mine.

Time's tribute thus is paid, my dear; to-day we
saw her wed

And where the old Junes used to be her new June
reigns instead.

It's just our own old story, dear, reflected down
the years;

Once we, too, left an aftermath of parent-void
and tears.

We pondered not June's other side, but bowed to
Love alone,

And for that sweet idolatry, to-day we must
atone.

So come, let's love anew, my wife, cast all of Self
aside

And thank God we could give to June so glorious
a bride!

SOME BOULEVARD PHILOSOPHY

GO erlong, white folks, sing erlong by,
Dus' in yo' ha'h an' dus' in yo' eye.
Yo' automobeel am sho' 'nough fas',
But when come style yo's got no class.

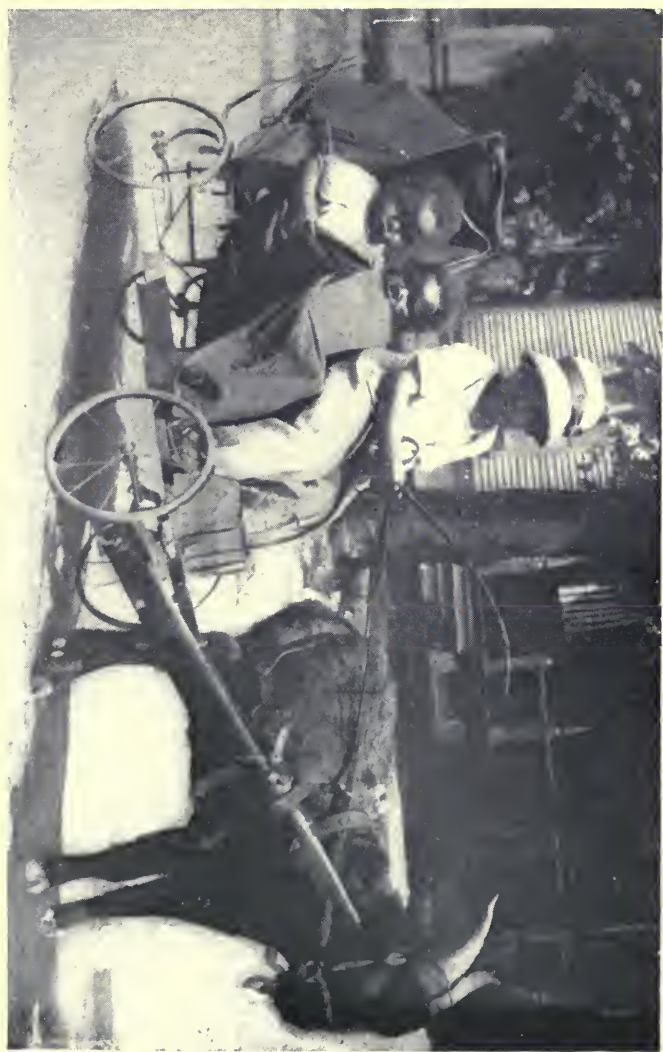
Dey's no one says yo' lacks de speed,
But gas cos' mo' dan billygoat feed;
Yo's gotta buy tires, yo's gotta git grease
An' keep yo' eyes on de fool po-leese.

But heah come us all fine an' sweet
De bigbug babes ob Bigbug Street
Ole Billygoat, too, he swing his haid
Lak he's done boss de whole parade.

De white folks grin as we buzz by,
But hide de green whut's in deir eye.
Co'se we kain't he'p it if dey gits
All spasmed up wif jealous fits.

SOME BOULEVARD PHILOSOPHY

So go on, white folks, sing erlong by,
Dus' in yo' ha'h an' dus' in yo' eye.
Yo' automobeel may be some boat
But it sho' takes class to drive a goat.



THE VOICES MILITANT

I STOOD within a bivouac where the Silent
Legion sleeps,

Where the owl, that wide-eyed sentry, his nightly
vigil keeps ;

Where tents of mounded grasses top the soldier's
cot of clay

And mighty hosts are waiting for the one Great
Reveille.

I bowed with head uncovered, thus my reverence
to show,

When voices, strong and militant, came to me
from below :

“Tell the boys to go on! Go on! Go on!

Till the last reserve of the foe is gone ;

Then peace will come and a new day dawn—

Tell the boys to go on! Go on!”

THE VOICES MILITANT

All suddenly the vision changed in these blurred
eyes of mine ;

I stood with troops at Valley Forge and on the
Brandywine.

At Bunker Hill and Bennington men battled side
by side

That in this king-encumbered land true freemen
might abide.

And now far down the lapse of years their voices
seem to come

With sharp command that we again fall in with
fife and drum :

“Tell the boys to go on ! Go on ! Go on !

Till the last reserve of the foe is gone ;

Then peace will come and a new day dawn—

Tell the boys to go on ! Go on !”

Then other hosts of other wars marched by with
sturdy tread,

Brave men of Buena Vista with the flag high over
head.

THE VOICES MILITANT

And some were men of Gettysburg and some of
Cuba's hill,

For where a Yankee foot has trod Old Glory
flutters still.

To us they've left a heritage—this Silent Legion
dear—

A song of flag-fidelity that all the world must
hear :

“Tell the boys to go on! Go on! Go on!

Till the last reserve of the foe is gone;

Then peace will come and a new day dawn—

Tell the boys to go on! Go on!”

THE ROBIN TAKES THE STAND

GOOD morning, Judge! I'm guilty,
So, well, I'll just confess;

I don't know what the charge is—

Plain vagrancy, I guess.

But listen, Judge, have mercy!

I meant to do no harm;

I truly thought 'twas Springtime

And not this false alarm.

I flew up here one morning

And with glad eyes I saw

The women wearing bonnets

Of flimsy lace and straw.

I thought it must be Springtime,

For some wore lowcuts, too;

And, Judge, I'm just a robin—

What could a poor bird do?

THE ROBIN TAKES THE STAND

I thought them true to season,
 I took their word for it—
Thought winter's snows had vanished
 And this is what I git!
The men were reading baseball,
 The kids at marbles played,
And each green onion eater
 His garden patch had made.

So, Judge, I ask for mercy,
 But if I'm jailed and fined
There is another fellow
 I don't want left behind.
Lock up that weather prophet,
 Then magnify his woe
By making him eat jonquils
 With garnishments of snow.



THE PAWPAW PARTY

SAYS I to Me, le's take a hike,
I know where somethin's at we like.
Says Me to I, all right, I'm game—
Our tastes both run about th' same.

So I and Me we kep' right still
An' hit th' trail fer Millersville,
Then cut along Stought Fletcher's fence
To where th' Fall crick hills commence.

And, there it was! Well, what ye s'pose?
If you don't like 'em hold your nose.
But Me and I—here's what we found—
A pawpaw bush 'at touched th' ground.

Yes, sir, 'twas loaded to th' top
Till, seemed to us, th' limbs would drop.
So I an' Me we started in
To help th' tree git light ag'in.



THE PAWPAW PARTY

Ole Me an' I we e't an' e't
Till we can't eat no more you'd bet,
'Cause in our stummick we could feel
We'd more 'an e't a reg'lar meal.

But I an' Me we couldn't quit,
Th' more we e't th' more we'd git,
Then somethin' said to I an' Me
We couldn't eat th' whole blamed tree.

An' then—an' then—an' then—gee whiz!
Our stummick got th' rheumatiz,
An' then—an' then—then Me an' I
We wondered why we couldn't die!

SOMEBODY'S PAL

WHEN first I looked down in his honest old
eyes

I knew I had more than mere friendship to prize.

For, dog that he was, he was quick to reveal
A faith in his blood and a pride in his steel.

Then, deep in my soul, I felt longings to be
Not master, but pal to one worthy as he.

I hungered to stroke his fine head and declare
Our friendship as warm as the shag of his hair.

I wanted to take his big paws in my hands
And stroke them with love that a dog under-
stands.

How proudly we'd walk down the street, he and I,
True comrades, the envy of each passerby.

SOMEBODY'S PAL

Each wag of his tail I'd interpret to be
Some word of affection intended for me.

I pictured us, too, in a home-joy complete—
My chair, a good book, and Old Pal at my feet.

Then—then came a voice in a summoning call—
He was Somebody Else's—not my pal at all!

KNUCKLEDOWN

KNUCKLEDOWN us kids all call him
 'Cause th' big boys say
 "Knuckle down" w'enever Knuckle
 Comes around to play.

'At's ist 'cause us little fellers
 Gits him in a fuss
 Soon as w'en the big guys win our
 Marbles 'way from us.

Nearly ever' day it happens
 W'en th' big kids win,
 We ist wait an' good old Knuckle
 Wins 'em back ag'in.

Soon's he sees some little feller
 Cryin' 'bout his luck,
 Knuckle says: "W'at's hurt ye, kiddie?
 Some one got ye stuck?"

KNUCKLEDOWN

Then he says : "Well, watch me git 'em !

Don't you fret er frown ;

I can win 'em back, I betcha,

Yes, an' knuckle down !"

Does he do it? Say, dead easy !

W'y, 'at little cuss

Plays th' big kids till they're bu'sted,

Then divides with us.

Knuckle calls th' big kids robbers

Right afore their eyes ;

Tells 'em : "Hey, w'y don't you giants

Pick on folks your size?"

'At's th' funny part, 'cause Knuckle,

Doggone little elf,

Talks big, yet, by facts he ain't so

Doggone big hisself !



SINGING SOLDIERS

HERE they come now—heaven bless them!—
With strides that are steady and strong,

Each counting the miles

As a pathway of smiles

And stepping each step to a song.

No shamblers or shirkers among them,

There's something of pride in their swing;

There's something of boy

In the whole-hearted joy

Of the hale-hearted lyrics they sing.

There's "Hot Time" and sweet "Annie Laurie,"

Then old "Tipperary" they'll start;

A pledge it might be

To pals over sea

That soon they'll be doing their part.

SINGING SOLDIERS

And then, from the heart of the column,
Yale's "Boola" breaks forth with a shout,
Till Wabash, Purdue,
Old Case and I. U.
Give battle in drowning Yale out!

There are mother songs, love songs and ditties,
Old melodies, tender and sweet,
That come with a flow,
Now loud, and now low,
All tuned to the patter of feet.
But, ah! there's a comradely chorus
That breaks from a song to a cheer;
It bids foes beware,
There's fight in the air—
They're singing "The Gang Is All Here!"

DE CHUCKLE CLUB

DE Chuckle Club dey calls us
On 'count ob evah day
We sweetens up life's laboh
Wif des a little play.
Seem lak we double-quickses
On evahthing we do
So's all ob us kin chuckle
De minute work am through,
Des laugh an' joke an' hollah
Lak we done gone clean mad,
But dat ain't it—Lawd bress yo'—
We's only bein' glad.

Co'se Gloom an' me ain't frien'ly
But, folks, sometimes de way
Gits shy on trombone music—
'Tain't always circus day.



DE CHUCKLE CLUB

So when de clouds git rollin'
Down 'roun' ma wagon hub
Ah hunts de fellow membahs
Ob ma ole Chuckle Club.
Kase soon's Ah see deir faces
Ma own takes on a grin
An' dah we stan' a-laughin'
All happied up ag'in.

De boys dey know ma symptoms,
Sho' mighty plain to see,
So dey des staht a chuckle
An' co'se dat tickles me.
Den all ma worries vanish,
De sky turns back to blue,
An' whah de clouds wuz blackes'
De sun comes oozin' through.
Dat's why Ah always argy
Dat when yo's low in mood
Invent yo'se'f some chuckles—
Dey's next ob kin to food!

YOUTH IS EVER THE SAME

SOMETIMES—like every other man—
I find me prone to scold,
Rebuking youth for banishing
Traditions born of old.
“They don’t play now as we once did,”
I murmur in disgust,
“They eat the heart from out the loaf
And throw away the crust.
No jelly beans or ‘lickrish’ drops
Catch childhood’s fancy now;
Instead, to bonbon appetites
Their dainty palates bow.”

And yet, each time my doubting thoughts
Come rushing to the fore,
Some boy revives within my heart
A faith in youth once more.

YOUTH IS EVER THE SAME

'Twas so to-day ! For as I mused
On how the world had changed,
I passed a common where, carefree,
A band of urchins ranged.
Then, suddenly, from distant parts,
I heard a whistled call
That caught "The Gang's" glad interest
And drew a smile from all.

I looked, and through an alley gate
I saw two bare feet fly ;
Two glad eyes beamed behind an arm
That held two fingers high !
"The swimming sign !" I cried aloud,
With youth's abundant joy,
"Things haven't changed in all the years
Since I, too, was a boy.
Ah, Summer's sweet 'Two-fingers-up !'
You make me half a thief ;
I want to go and tie their clothes,
Then stand and yell : 'Chaw beef !' "



INFORMATION MACK

I DON'T live in th' city here—my home's just
nine miles out—

Which gives foundation fer th' things I want to
talk about.

You mebbe know my friend, Mack Tate, er heard
of him before;

It's him 'at peddles papers 'round th' traction
depot door.

Us folks out in th' country calls him Information
Mack,

Fer he's a human time card an' he even knows
your track.

Mack's crippled-like an' goes around in what he
calls his 'bus,

But it's a sunshine chariot that joy-rides most
of us;



INFORMATION MACK

Fer Mack he's good to country folks—they's no
denyin' that—

We make him play directory an' tell us where
we're at.

Just ask him where th' court-house is, er where
you'd ort to go

To git your teeth fixed—just ask Mack—that old
boy's sure to know.

He sits out there in sun an' rain, a-smilin' through
it all,

Directin' folks to Fairview park er old Masonic
hall.

He p'int's you to th' Stock Yards car an' tells you
where to go

To see th' movin' pictures er a real theayter show.
An' argy! Say, he'll argy till your language gits
profane—

Then, lordy, how he hollers when he makes you
miss your train!

THE SAILING OF THE FLEET

HEAVE ho, my hearties! Let go the line!
The sky runs blue and the wind blows fine.
To-day we'll sail to the far'most end
Of the wonderful Sea of Just Pretend.

It's a sea of dreams, a sea of joy
With just enough storms to please a boy;
For storms bring thrills—and thrills, you know,
A boy must have if he wants to grow.

Our ships, of course, are of crude design,
With handkerchief sails and topstring line;
The anchor's a stone, the rudder a lid
From a box of cigars Dad thought he hid.

So come, lift anchor! Let's sail away
To the glad good port of Sweet-tooth Bay,
Where nobody cares what sweets you take
And the more you eat the more they make.

THE SAILING OF THE FLEET

We'll land at Laughter and dock at Noise
Where music is made from yells of boys.
At Ouch there's salt and an apple tree
With green ones on it and both are free.

We'll see Film City and learn for true
If they jump from cliffs as they say they do.
At Isle Ignoramus the fun will be rare
With neither a teacher nor principal there.

It's a wonderful voyage to Just Pretend,
But, like all journeys, must have an end,
And so, at sunset, with full delight
We'll seek the haven of Mother's Goodnight



LONG BOY

HE was just a long, lean country gink
From 'way out west, where the hoptoads
wink;

He was six feet two in his stockin' feet,
An' kept gittin' thinner th' more he'd eat.
But he was as brave as he was thin,
When th' war broke out he got right in;
Unhitched his plow, put th' mule away,
Then th' old folks heard him say:

CHORUS

Good-by, Ma! Good-by, Pa!
Good-by, mule, with yer old hee-haw!
I may not know what th' war's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a King fer a souvenir;
I'll git you a Turk an' a Kaiser, too,
An' that's about all one feller could do.

LONG BOY

One pair of socks was his only load
When he struck fer town by th' old dirt road.
He went right down to th' public square
An' fell in line with th' soldiers there.
Th' sergeant put him in uniform,
His gal knit mitts fer to keep him warm;
They drilled him hard, they drilled him long,
Then he sang his farewell song:

CHORUS

Good-by, Ma! Good-by, Pa!
Good-by, mule, with yer old heehaw!
I may not know what th' war's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a King fer a souvenir;
I'll git you a Turk an' a Kaiser, too,
An' that's about all one feller could do.

STRING

STRING'S his nickname,
Not his true—

I don't know his name, do you?
String—at's all we call him 'cause
W'en he gits some in his jaws
He ist chaws an' chaws an' chaws
Till it's mighty nearly gauze.
'Nen he does another thing—
Soon as w'en he gits some string
In his pocket quick it goes
An' his week an' Sunday clo'es
Gits jammed with it, goodness knows,
Till it's clear down to his toes.
String an' string an' string an' string—
If you want to hear him sing,
Grin an' laugh an' ever'thing,
Give him string!



STRING

We all love him—
You know why?
'Cause old String's a bully guy!
W'en we cut our hands er toes
Right down in his clo'es he goes,
Fetches out some string an' starts
Bindin' up th' hurted parts.
'Nen in summer w'en our ball
Gits all bu'sted we ist call
String to fix it—an' he does—
Better 'an it ever wuz.
String's got string fer ever'thing,
It don't matter what you bring.
Why, I'll bet you if he'd try
He could bind each tear an' sigh
So's they'd heal an'—afterwhile—
Turn themselves into a smile.

CONCERNING MOTHERS

MOTHERS they're th' queerest folks,
Never have no fun ner jokes;

Allus findin' things to do

Little boys don't want 'em to.

Seems like just when playin's good

Out around th' neighborhood

Mothers they're not satisfied

Till they've got you back inside.

Somehow just can't git along

'Less they're singin' this old song:

"Come on, Sonny, come on in!

Gotta clean you up ag'in;

Wash yer face an' brush yer hair—

What's that black spot doin' there?

Listen now to what I say,

Don't git mussed ag'in to-day!

CONCERNING MOTHERS

Don't eat candy, don't eat plums—
You've gotta keep clean,
 You've gotta keep clean,
 You've gotta keep clean,
 Till th' comp'ny comes!"

Mothers they all scrub an' scour
 Little boys fer 'bout a' hour;
Wash 'em till th' dirt can't find
 No good place to hide behind.
Yes, an' tickle till you feel
 You can't help it if you squeal.
Dress you up like angels fair,
 Then they point you to a chair;
There you sit an' all you hear
 Is this song inside your ear:
 "Sonny, you go take that chair,
 Yes, an' you must stay right there.
 Watch th' other children play—
 That's a nice boy, that's th' way!
 Don't dare git a spot on you
 Else I don't know what I'll do.



CONCERNING MOTHERS

No, don't eat—you'll git all crumbs—
You've gotta keep clean,
 You've gotta keep clean,
 You've gotta keep clean,
 Till th' comp'ny comes!"

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

A THOUGHT FOR LAFAYETTE DAY

CHILDREN of Indiana!
Off in the wastes of France
Children as sad as you are glad
Flee from the sword and lance;
Flee from torches hate has hurled
Before their fathers' door;
Flee from fields where fathers fell
To rise again no more.

Children of Indiana!
Once, when a tyrant hand
Levied its crimson tribute
On this, your native land,
Out of France a hero came
Brave as the bravest he,
To help us rise from servitude
To sword-won liberty!

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

Children of Indiana!

His spirit pleads to-day
That France's children shall be fed,
And now—what will you say?
His country's children sit and wait
Beside the lonely road,
A crust a welcome morsel now,
A hovel their abode.

Children of Indiana!

Rise as a host and give—
Give, though it be a pittance,
That France's babes may live.
Then Lafayette shall know indeed
Your heart's full gratitude
And fighting France shall see again
Our loyalty renewed!

LOVE'S FERRY

TOWN childern allus thinks 'at they
Have countrys beat 'bout ever' way,
But I ist bet Love's Ferry beats
Their pitchur shows an' crowded streets.

Love's Ferry—'at's our old school hack
Which way we go to school an' back.
It's got its name th' queerest way
From somethin' happened other day.

Old Chunky—he's my pard in school
W'at's allus actin' up th' fool—
Well, Chunky, in th' hack, says he :
“Le's play we're shipwrecked out to sea.”

Us kids all hollered out : “You bet !”
'Cept little sickly Belle Annette.
She thinks we mean shipwrecked fer true
An' cried till Bill says : “ 'At won't do.”

LOVE'S FERRY

Bill, he's our driver an' he knows
Ist how to settle all our woes.
He says: "Instead o' shipwrecked, play
Th' hack's Love's Ferryboat to-day."

'Course we don't know th' game, but Bill
He stopped our wagon up th' hill
An' pointed 'cross th' hills an' vales
An' says: "'At's where Love's Ferry sails.

"It don't sail 'cross no reg'lar sea
But 'round a dear sweet mother's knee.
And childern, when they're good, delight
To go to port there ever' night."

An' so now—ever' day we play
Th' old hack's sailin' 'cross th' bay,
An' all our homes is havens where
Bill says our hearts is anchored there.



THE SWEETEST PILGRIMAGE

LIFE is made of little journeys,
Little journeys up and down;
Sometimes where a sunbeam lingers,
Ofttimes where dark shadows frown.
But, of all the paths I wander,
None holds more delightful sway
Than the one that leads me homeward
On the glad Thanksgiving day.
Earth seems swung in sweeter balance
Under heaven's smiling dome,
When I'm headed toward the depot;
Toward the depot—going home.

Then my luggage seems a partner
In a joy I can't explain
As we hurry through the city,
Double-quicking to the train.



THE SWEETEST PILGRIMAGE

Every friend I meet, I pity,
 When I know his pilgrim way
Lies not where my own is leading—
 To a real Thanksgiving day!
Then I want to share my blessings;
 Milk, and honey—in the comb—
When I'm headed toward the depot;
 Toward the depot—going home.

Could I lead God's lonely children
 On a pilgrimage divine
I would once in every twelve-month,
 Guide them to a mother-shrine.
On the day we call Thanksgiving
 Each would do the same as I—
Take his luggage and, with gladness,
 Bid all wonted haunts good-by.
Other paths would be forgotten
 By the vagrant souls that roam,
As they headed toward the depot;
 Toward the depot—going home.

THE WAYSIDE WELL

AN old-fashioned well by the roadside,
A freedom-blest boy by the well;
These two—and a midsummer noontide—
What daydreams such visions impel!

The bucket, curb-dented, shot downward,
Borne safely by windlass and chain;
Then up, with a cargo of coolness,
It came to soothe body and brain.

The boy—oh, I watched him with envy!
As fondly he tilted the pail,
Then dipped his lip over the border
And drank of earth's mellowest ale.

At first his attack was all vigor,
Then slowly he slackened the pace
Till, there on the water's bright mirror,
I caught the glad glow of his face.

THE WAYSIDE WELL

He sipped—sipped with placid enjoyment—

Unmindful of covetous eyes,

And, when I at last gave him greeting,

He glanced up in quiet surprise.

He yielded no handclasp, no welcome,

Yet in his calm smile I could see

A heart well intent upon sharing

Earth's sweetest decanter with me.

I drank—and my drinking was eager—

Each drop was an eloquent joy,

Which made my soul say : “Of God's blessings

Most fall in the path of a boy!”



TO BUFFALO BILL—A MEMORY

SO you've crossed the sand and cactus on the
long ride, Buffalo Bill;
Crossed to find eternal slumber in the Dugout on
the Hill.

But you've left behind an army that is sighing
deep to-day

For a vanished boyhood hero, for an old friend
gone away.

You have been a king, Bill Cody, in a monarchy
of hearts,

Where the rifle, true and trusty, routed tomahawk
and darts.

Ah, the legions you've commanded—more than
you have ever guessed—

Legions that in hayloft fancy marched with you
across the west;

TO BUFFALO BILL—A MEMORY

Soldiers that have known the serfdom of a school
desk, when, in fact,

They were scouting through the canyons where
the mad Apache tracked.

They were groveling in grammar—so the trust-
ing teacher thought—

When, in truth, they stood triumphant where the
redskins had been fought.

But you've crossed the sand and cactus on the
long ride, Buffalo Bill.

And your broad-brimmed hat and trappings lie
unheralded and still.

Yet, from Maine to California, there's a young
and sturdy race

That would like to don your trappings and ride
forth to take your place.

So rest on—rest on, Youth's idol, in your Dugout
on the Hill

For a million boys are waiting for your mantle,
Buffalo Bill.

TONY FLORETTA

POOOR Tony Floretta ees all uppa setta,
He gotta deep sadness weetheen;
Hees heart ees forgetta Eyetalian spaghetti—
For sometheeng else Tony ees keen.
He say: “Keeds, by golly, no more I feel jolly.”
We mak’ heem expla’n w’at he mean.
“Some beeg reecha duffer,” he say, “mak’ us suf-
fer—
He corner da Bosta bak’ bean!”

Poor Tony Floretta w’at money he getta
Ees come from sall paper een street,
An’ w’en he geet neeckle he feel sucha teeckle
He goes for buy sometheeng to eat.
Naw, naw, leetla Tony heem not buy bologny,
Heem not care for anytheeng sweet;
Eensta’d at steam table, so queek he ees able,
Da Bosta bak’ bean Tony geet.



TONY FLORETTA

But Tony Floretta ees all uppa setta,
He feela so sad he could die.
Da rastaurant keeper say bean mus' gat cheaper,
He cooka no more dey're so high.
He say: "Leetla falla, no bean can I salla—
Da dantists got all da supply.
I batcha dey buy 'em so now dey can try 'em
To mak' some false teeth for a guy!"

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE THREESCORE
AND TEN

WHEN Autumn's color-caravan
Invades the forest heights
And makes the lowland glorious
With manifold delights,
Then all my fears of length'ning years
Like foes uncherished flee,
As birch and beech reach out to teach
The infinite to me.

I have belief that God reveals
The magic of His hand
Through nature's sweet concordant voice—
A voice we understand.
And so I think the autumn leaves
That gladden hill and glen
But typify that they, as I,
Have their threescore and ten.

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE THREESCORE AND TEN

In spring, the birthtime of the year,
 The leaves are born anew,
Their infant glory magnified
 By sun and rain and dew.
Gay summer brings maturity,
 Life—full-grown, virile, strong—
When every breeze that sways the trees
 Reverberates a song.

Then comes the Autumn, bringing Age,
 When leaves, like men, grow old;
But men turn gray—not so the leaves!—
 Theirs is a garb of gold!
They dance upon the laughing winds
 With spirit wild and free;
They have no fear when death is near—
 A faith I joy to see.

And so I think the falling leaves,
 The leaves threescore and ten,
Fear not to die because the Spring
 Will give them life again.

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE THREESCORE AND TEN

No bough will bear the same old leaf,
But from the same old tree
New leaves will grow—then fade—then go,
And that's—Eternity!

DA WHEELSLE KEED

GOLLY gracious! I mak' smile,
Beeg as can be seen two mile,
Whan a keed come by an' say :
"Wheelsle eet not blow to-day—
Whassa matta eet not blow?
You not got some peanut, Joe?"
W'at he mean for say, ya see,
Ees my peanut roastra he
Break da wheelsle an' not blow
Seence to-day t'ree week ago.

I tall keed da wheelsle broke,
Dan he say: "Wall, holy smoke!
I can wheelsle same for you
Like da peanut roastra do."
Dan he wheelsle! My! Oh, my!
You should hear dat leetla guy—
He mak' imitash' so good,
Batter as da wheelsle could!



DA WHEELS KEED

Oh, I laugh weeth all my might—
“Keed,” I say “you alla right!”

Dan I geeve heem peanuts so
He weel standa dere an’ blow.
Firs’ eat peanut—dan heem mak’
Noise like wheels—no mistak’!
Pooty soon crowd come an’ say:
“Got new wheels, Joe, to-day?”
I say: “Yas, but dees wan seem
Tak’ lot peanut for mak’ steam.”
I not care, dough, ’cause for I
Chusta love dat leetla guy!

A WINTER MOONRISE

THE wind forgets to rasp a rabbit's cheek,
The snow, far driven, meekly hides away
Beneath the straw-pens where the cattle seek
The welcome dark that ends a Winter's day.

Hush follows hush along the water's trail,
Save where the creek breaks out of bondage
chill
To breathe, as living things must breathe, or fail
And fall the Storm King's slave against its
will.

Night crowds the shadows deeper, deeper down
Until its pall makes ghost-films of the snow;
Wraith-fancies heightened by the lights of town
That flood a distant cloud with spectral glow.

A WINTER MOONRISE

But, look! There marches up across the sky
A nightborn guidon of the Master's Moods;
It is the Moon, whose penetrating eye
Leads God, the Lonely, to His solitudes.

For He grows weary, weary of the strife
And all the prayers we selfishly intone;
He longs for freedom from the beggar, Life,
To walk the Winter vastnesses—alone!

They give Him sweep of vision, range of scheme;
They let Him think of other than our ills.
He finds a glory in the frozen stream
And sets His throne upon the snow-capped
hills.

Thus, while He wanders free from human pleas,
The Winter moonbeams cause our God to see
The sweetness of His power to make the trees
The Summer-triumph of His wizardry.

THE GOOD SHIP "SYCAMORE"

I'LL bet you when our neighbor boy grows up
to be a man

He'll run off to the ocean just as early as he can,
'Cause, even now, still wearin' pants 'at's up
around his knees

He's captain of the "Sycamore" that sails th' airy
seas.

Th' "Sycamore," you understand, it ain't no reg-
'lar ship,

But just a tree he climbs up when he wants to
take a trip.

Yep, just a worn, old sycamore that stands there
by the road,

A good-fer-nothin' thing except as little Bud's
abode.

An', funny thing about Bud, too, is that he seems
to be

Th' only one that ever sails th' "Sycamore" to sea.

THE GOOD SHIP "SYCAMORE"

He climbs up there among th' boughs, then hollers
to his Pa
To look for him a-Christmas coming back from
Panama.

He talks of ocean jogafy in such a knowin' way
That he can tell you every port from Bath to Baf-
fin Bay.

He calls that great big limb up there th' mainmast
on the ship
That's bein' rocked by winds an' waves an' liable
to dip.

But, like a reg'lar mariner, he climbs aloft an'
stands

Among th' wind-rocked riggin' singin' out his
bold commands.

He 'tends th' leaves are all his crew an' orders
them around
Just like a reg'lar skipper when his bark is ocean
bound.



THE GOOD SHIP "SYCAMORE"

An' sometimes Bud plays pirate, too, a-sittin' up
that tree,

Which same was how he come to make a prisoner
of me.

He bound me to th' "Sycamore" with Memory's
chain, an' then

Went sailin' with me down the Bay of Boyhood's
Years again.

THE BELIEVERS

HELLO! Is 'at you, Sandy Claus?
Hello! Well, this is me.

My mother says you called me up
For 'bout my Christmas Tree.

Now listen, Sandy—listen close—
I'll whisper in your ear;
I don't want nothin' much for me,
But some one else this year

Near by us is a little boy
I'm sorry for, ist 'cause
His folks at home keep tellin' him
They ain't no Sandy Claus.

He's got a chimbly ist like me,
But it's no use, I guess,
For when he speaks of you his folks
Say: "Hush 'at foolishness!"

THE BELIEVERS

So listen, Sandy—listen good!—
Let's you an' me ist play
My Christmas Tree is all for him
When it comes Christmas Day.

I'll ist p'tend to play like I
Ain't been as good as him—
An' not a single gift will show
For me on any limb.

He's ist got gift, gift, gift, gift, gift—
An' nen his folks can see
You're better to their little boy
'An what you are to me.

But, Sandy, listen! When his folks
Is 'sleep ag'in—nen you
Come bring me all the things I want—
'Cause I'm believer, too!



THE ADVANCE AGENT

CHILDREN, bend low with your whisper-it
ear,

I've curious news that I want you to hear;
Something I heard—and I saw it as well—
Which makes it a story I'm anxious to tell.

In a window downtown stands a grizzled old
man,

He must have been born when this old world be-
gan.

He looks just like Santa Claus—boots, coat and
hat—

Perhaps he's his brother or something like that.
And yet he declares he's not Santa at all,
But simply his agent here making a call.

Advance agent! Yes, that's his business, because
His samples were made by your friend, Santa
Claus.

THE ADVANCE AGENT

They bear Toytown's label, which proves beyond
doubt

That Santa intends you to pick your toys out.

And so, in the window, his agent appears

To bear back to Santa the stories he hears.

No word speaks the agent, but there, thro' the
glass,

He catches the smiles of the children that pass.

He hears what they say, too, so please have a care

And utter no word you'll be sorry for there.

It's funny, I think, just to stand in the street

And watch the old man with the toys at his feet.

It tickles him, too, when he sees some child pause

And lovingly call him the real Santa Claus.

Why, I have heard grownups declare that they
knew

The man in the window was Santa-for-true.

And say, there are times I'm inclined to surmise

That maybe it is the old saint in disguise.

'Twould give him a frolic—the wily old elf—

To not send his agent, but come here himself!

THE TACKLE

NOW Sonny comes home in the evening,
Yes, Sonny's our neighbor next door;
Now Sonny comes home in the evening
All battered, disheveled and sore.

His moods are as varied as April's
And range from deep bitter to sweet—
The last is his symbol of triumph,
The other his sign of defeat.

He brings home a mystical language
His mother thinks rambling and wild,
Which makes her steal over to our house
To ask what is troubling her child.

He tells her that he is the "tackle,"
That he, the "star guy" of his team,
Stood all of his foes on their "think-tanks"
And "went through their line like a dream!"



THE TACKLE

Ah, Mother, good Mother, don't worry!
His language is queer, that is true,
But some day he'll play on Life's gridiron
And bring home real laurels to you.

To-day's game out there in the common
Is only to prove that defeat
Serves best as a spur for To-morrow
And makes winning then doubly sweet.

As "tackle" he'll have to be "tackled"
And face all his "downs" with a grin.
It's football!—it's Life he is playing—
And half-hearted "tackling" won't win!

THE EXPLORERS

S AID one: "Le's p'tend we're explorers
'Way off in some land, strange an' new."
And, caught by the thrill of adventure,
The others piped out a "Le's do!"

Then, out of the dust-colored highway,
They turned, in their vagabond glee,
To picture the woods a great jungle
And play that the creek was a sea.

Their make-believe world of adventure
They said was from Granny's abode
To where the creek turned at the haw tree,
Then back to old Madison road.

With trousers upturned, the explorers
Plunged off in the "wild, ragin' sea"
To wade to the "wilderness" yonder—
It looked like woods pasture to me.

THE EXPLORERS

Their boy-fancies yielded queer visions—
Each tree was a giant unborn
That some day would break its long silence
And hold all earth's creatures to scorn.

The crawdads, they said, were sea monsters
Instead of diminutives frail;
The sunfish that scooted to safety
They called "Old man Joney's big whale."

Then, up from the shimmering waters,
They mounted a stump on the shore
And from it proclaimed—like Columbus—
"This whole world is ours evermore!"

I sighed when, at last, the explorers
Had left me alone—for, in truth,
My own dreams had gone make-believing
'Way back to the Jungles of Youth.



WE ARE COMING, LITTLE PEOPLES

[We shall fight . . . for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations.—President Wilson.]

WE are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred
million strong,

Coming marching, sailing, pledging to avenge the
tyrant's wrong.

We will leave the plow and workshop, give our
best and bravest men

That the battle-fields of Belgium may be harvest
fields again.

We will face the cannon's fury, dare the Zeppelin
to soar

That the hearts of Greece and Denmark may be
happy evermore.

WE ARE COMING, LITTLE PEOPLES

We will give again to Holland heaven's right to
joy and song—

We are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred mil-
lion strong!

We are coming, coming, coming,

We are coming, coming, coming;

We are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred mil-
lion strong!

Once we, too, were Little Peoples—thirteen col-
onies and small—

But the sea cried out for freedom and the moun-
tains heard the call.

Then a mighty host of stalwarts rose to break
oppression's chain,

Clans that came from Carolina and the future
gates of Maine;

Braved the storms of kingly anger, faced priva-
tion's gnawing need

That to-day, in far-off Europe, other bondmen
might be freed.

WE ARE COMING, LITTLE PEOPLES

Now from Lexington and Concord echoes up that
old glad song—

We are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred mil-
lion strong!

We are coming, coming, coming,

We are coming, coming, coming;

We are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred mil-
lion strong!

We are coming, Little Peoples, with a courage
born of right,

Each Yankeeman and Dixieman soul-armored
for the fight.

No king or courier of kings shall then enslave
the sea;

Instead, O Little Peoples, you and it shall both
be free.

From piracy and power-lust the world shall have
release

And men will march together to the Parliament
of Peace.

WE ARE COMING, LITTLE PEOPLES

And men will know the happiness of right sur-
mounting wrong,

For we're coming, Little Peoples, one hundred
million strong!

We are coming, coming, coming,

We are coming, coming, coming;

We are coming, Little Peoples, one hundred mil-
lion strong!

LITTLE BILLY BET-YER-LIFE

LITTLE Billy Bet-yer-life!

He's the oddest boy,

Sacrificin' all his fun

For another's joy.

Always draggin' some one's load,

Easin' some one's strife,

With that great big heart o' his

Sayin', "Bet yer life!"

Let a comrade come an' say:

"Billy, mother's mad

'Cause they ain't no kitchen wood—

Help me git her glad."

Billy grins a friendly grin,

Puts down bat or knife;

Goes an' gits a load of wood,

Sayin', "Bet yer life!"



LITTLE BILLY BET-YER-LIFE

When they're playin' hide-an'-seek
 Billy's always "It";
Says he likes to hide his eyes—
 Doesn't care a bit.
Seems to know each selfish trait
 With which youth is rife;
Doesn't matter what you ask,
 Bill says: "Bet yer life!"

Bet yer life he'll pull the cart;
 Yes, with you inside—
Tell him he's the "engineer,"
 Then he's satisfied.
You can use his tools or tops,
 Play his drum or fife—
Play with anything he's got,
 He'll say: "Bet yer life!"

No, he's not an innocent,
 But his soul is one
Tuned, somehow, to harmonize
 With his neighbor's fun.

LITTLE BILLY BET-YER-LIFE

Why, I bet when Billy goes
 Seekin' him a wife,
'Stead of "Yes" to all the vows
 He'll say: "Bet yer life!"

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

DEAR PARD:

I'm writin' this to tell you

I wish 'at you was here

Instead of in the city—

I'd die there, purty near.

'Cause out here in the country

Is heaven, seems to me,

Where milk is drunk from dippers

An' jam ain't luxury.

But Sis ain't no good pardner,

She's 'fraid cat thro' an' thro'

An' keeps a-yellin': "Mus'n't!"

At ever'thing I do.

But I don't pay no 'tention—

I just stand there an' laugh

'Cause all she ain't a-skeered of

Is chickens er a calf.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

But I ride all the horses

Like Wild Wests do, an' go

A-chasin' pigs and cattles

'Zif they was buffalo.

Next thing I start a riot

Amongst the ducks an' geese,

Then play like I'm the auto

A-bringin' the police.

Naw, I ain't 'fraid o' nothin',

'Cept—well, I draw one line—

The him-cow in the pasture,

He ain't no friend o' mine!

JOHN.

MAJOR ME

MY ma says I ain't old enough
Fer army yet, but she
Don't care if I play ossifer,
So I am Major Me.
An' ever' day, out 'round the farm,
'Cept when it's cold er damp,
I 'tend like all th' growin' things
Is soldier boys in camp.

I've got to be th' ossifer
On 'count o'—well, gee whiz,
They ain't no other boys around—
I'm all th' one they is!
But I don't mind to be alone
'Cause all I have to do
Is play th' rows o' corn is troops
I'm marchin' in review.



MAJOR ME

I 'tend the cabbages is tents,
An' so's th' rhubarb, too,
An' I git underneath th' leaves
Th' minute taps is blew.
Then, other times, when we make hay
I like to drive th' rake
An' play th' haystack is a fort
Old Gray an' me must take.

But what's the biggest fun of all
Is enemies I catch—
Th' little spies that try to hide
In our strawberry patch.
Just let th' berries stick their heads
Outside where I can see,
Then I make prisoners of them all
Inside of Major Me!

THE FOREST PATRIOTS

AN oak tree, tall and stately, came down with
mighty crash
That scared the baby saplings and thrilled the
elm and ash.
“Pray, why all this?” the elm inquired. “What
are you leaving for?”
“My country calls,” the oak replied, “and I must
go to war!”
Then, while its neighbors harkened, the oak, with
sturdy heart,
Told how it had enlisted to do its humble part.

“There’s need for ships,” the oak began, “to sail
the troubled sea;
A good old wooden fleet they want—so they’ve
enlisted me!

THE FOREST PATRIOTS

Of iron and steel there's scarce enough, which
makes me glad indeed,

For now I, too, can help convey the stores our
allies need.

I'll face the foeman's frenzy with a zeal to do or
die,

As did the good old merchantmen in years now
long gone by."

The great oak's loyal ardor sent a thrill through
all the trees,

And soon a call to mobilize was hurried down
the breeze.

One volunteered to be a bridge, one would a bar-
racks be—

No slacker bolted from the line of this brave com-
pany!

The beeches, elms and cottonwoods marched off
beside the oaks;

The hickories said for cannon wheels they'd
proudly serve as spokes.

THE FOREST PATRIOTS

Soon all the trees but one had gone to muster at
the mill—

The one was just a sapling left to guard a lonely
hill.

Yet, while it mourned its lowly state and thought
existence hard,

A schoolboy gladly claimed it for a flagstaff in
his yard.

Which points a wartime moral each of us should
keep in view—

That, though we're great or humble, there is
something all can do!

CAP'N CAL

CAL, he's just a little feller,
'Bout as big as—well, le's see—
'Bout as big as any young'un
Eight years old would likely be.
Still, he's mighty big in feelin's
Jedged by language he employs
Since he's gone an' j'ined th' Army
With his brave Angoly boys.

Yep, the kid he's from Angoly,
Pa an' ma both dead an' gone,
Gran'ma's all he's got, I reckon,
An' she'll soon be passin' on.
Just a kind o' 'round-town young'un
Cal wuz, till he heard it said
War had called Angoly's soldiers—
Then a new thought struck his head!



CAP'N CAL

War wuz just th' thing he wanted,
 So th' doggone little scamp
Fell in line behind th' soldiers,
 Marched hisself right out to camp.
Soldiers tried to drive him homeward,
 Not that young'un—No, sirree!
'Bout th' time they thought they'd lost him
 He'd turn up at revel-lee!

Well, th' boys just had to 'dopt him,
 Like a kind of battle-son;
Sit around off-hours an' teach him
 As his mother would have done.
Cap'n Cal th' boys all call him,
 An' you'll have to say it's cute
When his little face, uplifted,
 Adds a smile to each salute.

LETTERS HOME

SOLDIER he was—and a good one, too—
Though you may wonder just how I knew
That his was a heart well steeled to test
The enemy's bravest, truest, best.
'Twas this that made me know his worth
As one of the sturdy sons of earth :

He was tired to-day when drill was done,
For he had been up before the sun,
Yet toil was turned to a new delight—
There were letters home he had to write.
Letters to prove—as they only can—
The tender side of a martial man.

He would ease with jokes their anxious fears,
He would dry with smiles their ready tears ;
He would make the old folk think back home,
That war was only a hippodrome.

LETTERS HOME

He would speak of camp as a chummy thing
Where comrades loiter and laugh and sing.

He wrote and wrote—and his heart grew glad!—
Well, after all, war wasn't so bad;
It had brought to him good comrades new
To cherish with friends he was writing to.
So he grinned and pledged The Flag new might—
And gridders are hell when they start to fight!



THE CHAPLAIN'S ELM

I NEVER have cherished ambitions to be
Regarded as more than a friendly old tree.
Each summer, for years, with my wide-spreading
 boughs,
I've sheltered the horses, the sheep and the cows.

I've been a great tree in my time, but was told
That even the mighty at last must grow old.
And so, well resigned to Time's saddest decree,
I parted with boughs that were precious to me.

Then, as one who sorrows and later relents,
I woke up one day in a city of tents.
Beneath me were soldiers and music of bands,
While 'round me there echoed the Colonel's commands.



THE CHAPLAIN'S ELM

I heard him give orders delightful to me ;
"Have guard mount this evening beneath the old
tree !"

Again and again I was thrilled by salutes
That came from the weary, shade-hungry re-
cruits.

'Twas then I awakened to Loyalty's needs—
Had not other elms served their country with
deeds ?

Beneath them men fought and beneath them they
made

The laws on which Freedom's foundation was
laid.

And so, with the Colonel, the Captains and all,
I've entered the army at Liberty's call.
The Colonel, as yet, no assignment has made,
But maybe I'll go as the Chaplain's first aid.

THE CHAPLAIN'S ELM

Then I'd be his temple, and here in the shade
He'd preach of a peace that can only be made
When War's master-monarchs no longer shall
 throng
The hills and the homes where the happy belong.

THE BASS DRUM BUSTER

I DON'T suppose old Buster knows
A B-flat from a G;
'Bout all th' note that worries him
Is one he signed fer me.
But we ain't talkin' finance now;
I want you all to hear
How Buster busts our big bass drum—
An' does it all by ear!

When first us band boys took him in
We picked him fer his size,
'Cause totin' 'round that old bass drum
Ain't no small enterprise.
He started in all modest-like,
A-beatin' soft an' low
As if th' symphonies an' hymns
Was all he cared to know.



THE BASS DRUM BUSTER

He didn't want no music books
 To fool his rhythmic ear;
His the'ry was that cadences
 Was tunes his feet could hear.
At last he got to goin' good
 An' seldom missed a beat,
Till this blamed war stuff come along
 An' threwed him off his feet.

Just let us start "Star-Spangled" now,
 Er old "Red, White an' Blue,"
An' blooey! There's a bass drum head
 Exploded 'fore he's through!
Somebody must endow us soon,
 Er take that boy in hand,
Else Buster's bustin' bass drum heads
 Is goin' to bust th' band!

LITTLE RUFUS R. F. D.

LITTLE RUFUS R. F. D.,
Rural Free Delivery;
That's a funny name, I know,
Yet it seems quite apropos,
Since, each day, you sit and wait
Down here by the orchard gate;
Sit and wait and twirl your thumbs
Till the rural mail man comes.

Little Rufus R. F. D.,
I've a curiosity
Just to hear from you, direct,
What the mail is you expect.
Is the word you're waiting for
From a brother at the war?
Does some miser wish to give
Gold to you, his relative?

LITTLE RUFUS R. F. D.

Little Rufus R. F. D.,
Come now, tell the truth to me;
Are you Cupid's seraphim
Bearing messages for him?
If you are—God bless you, boy!—
May you bear abundant joy!
From all sorrow keep them free,
Little Rufus R. F. D.



THE LAND OF LORD-KNOWS-WHERE

ACROSS the big camp they came marching,
Each with a confident air;
“Where from, Sergeant?” the Captain asked.
Said the Sergeant: “Lord knows where.”

A wonderful land is Lord-knows-where,
Though not on the map at all;
It's the place from which brave soldiers march
To answer their country's call.

Some bore new luggage and some bore old,
A few were as soldiers clad;
But most had come from Lord-knows-where
With any old clothes they had.

Some were from Workshop and some from Bank,
And some from The Country Store;
Some quit the Office for war's grim cause
And some left The Smithy Door.

THE LAND OF LORD-KNOWS-WHERE

None cared much from whence he had come,
That was all of small moment now;
They were one beneath Old Glory's folds
And bound by a common vow.

But soon they'll march to another land,
To another Lord-knows-where,
And peace will reign where the war lord ruled
When they have turned back from there.

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